

Eng. Poetry vol 1/4.

THE
LOVE OF ORDER:
A
POETICAL ESSAY,
IN THREE CANTOS.

An obvious Connexion may be traced between Moral and Physical Beauty;
the Love of Symmetry, and the Love of Virtue.

— Numerosque modosque ediscere vitæ.

SHENSTONE.
HOR.



L O N D O N :
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LOVE ORDER
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(v)

T O

WILLIAM JAMES, Esq;

OF DENFORD, IN THE COUNTY OF BERKS.

S I R,

AS I should equally detest the Suspicion of being actuated by interested Views, and the Imputation of Ingratitude; I have made Choice of so young a Patron, in a private Station of Life, but of a Family to whom I, with Pleasure, acknowledge great Obligations.

A 3

Yet,

Yet, as it would be absurd to prefix to a Work, addressed to the Public, a Name undistinguished by any intrinsic Merit, I must beg Leave to inform those, who shall peruse this trifling Essay, that you have the Seeds of those Virtues springing up in your Mind, which, under a proper Cultivation, cannot fail of doing ample Justice to my Choice.

I am, S I R,

Your most obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.

P R E.

P R E F A C E.

THAT the Reader of Taste may not be prepossessed against an Attempt, in this Age, to recommend Regularity and Uniformity; it may be proper to observe, that the following Essay (which was sketched out many Years since) considers the *Love of Order* chiefly as a *Principle of Virtue*, and only occasionally as a Principle of Taste; though the Author cannot but think (in regard to the Instance alluded to in the Second Canto) that an Affectation of Irregularity, in laying out small Plots of Ground, has of late been carried to a ridiculous Extreme.

The

The Indulgence of the critical Reader is likewise requested, for a few declamatory Flourishes, thrown in to enliven and diversify a trite Subject; though they may not be strictly just, or philosophically true.

THE

THE
LOVE OF ORDER.

CANTO I.

The Love of Order, a Principle of Virtue; visible in every Part
of the Creation, in every Stage, and every Station of Life.

TO ———, ESQ.

ACCEPT, my Friend, the well-meant Song;
(To Youth these Moral Strains belong.)

Fresh-risen from the Classic Page;

Charm'd with each Greek and Roman Sage,

B

Gigantic

Gigantic Bards ! of antient Times ;
 Disdain not these my pigmy Rhimes,
 (Irregular though they may be)
 In Praise of Regularity.

Through all Creation's boundless Space
 This universal System trace ;
 Through all their Tribes survey Mankind ;
 In ev'ry Age and Clime you'll find
 (Till Virtue's self begins to fail)
 The " Love of Order " still prevail.

Though Tempests, Earthquakes, Discord, Strife,
 The Nat'ral World, or Moral Life,
 May oft' disturb : yet, could our Sense
 Pervade the Schemes of Providence ;
 Could Human Reason trace the Laws,
 By which the First Eternal Cause
 Still acts ; in all we, pleas'd, must see
 A constant Uniformity ;
 How Wisdom does each Part controul,
 And Order regulate the Whole.

Amongst

Amongst the various Orbs that move,
 Incessant, through the Realms above,
 And glitter in th' ætherial Plain ;
 What Harmony and Order reign !
 Amidst the bright Autumnal Sky
 Though Stars in rich Profusion lie ;
 Each Orb, that seems at random hurl'd,
 Moves centric to some distant World.

The various Moon, the radiant Sun,
 Their stated Course unwearied run ;
 In measur'd Pace the Hours advance ;
 And in the Train the Seasons dance.
 The Spring, in flow'ry Chaplets drest ;
 The Summer, in her silken Vest ;
 The Autumn, deck'd with purple Fruit ;
 And Winter, in his sable Suit ;
 Successive run their fix'd Career,
 " In Order," circling round the Year.

The Vegetable Tribes, so gay,
 And World of Animals, survey ;

Each Class, subordinate in Place,
 Form'd useful to some nobler Race.
 The Insects in the Air that float,
 Or swarm amidst the stagnant Moat,
 With Food are destin'd to supply
 The Feather'd Race, or Scaly Fry ;
 Themselves, to aid the gen'ral Plan,
 The Prey of more luxurious Man.
 Each Animal, that rots and dies,
 New vegetable Life supplies ;
 And, springing forth in Fruits or Flowers,
 Relinquishes its nutrimental Powers
 To other Tribes ; and, in Rotation,
 Fulfills " the Order " of Creation.

Cast but your Eyes th' Horizon round ;
 Though Clouds, or Seas, the Prospect bound ;
 Or Woods, and Rocks, and Mountains blue,
 And Spires, may variegate the View ;
 Yet all harmoniously unite,
 To form *one* Object to the Sight.

Nor

Nor amidst Nature's Works alone
 Does Harmony erect her Throne :
 To Order's universal Sway
 The Arts an equal Homage pay.
 Musicians, Painters, Architects,
 In all their Works *her* Law directs :
 Proportion charms in ev'ry Line ;
 And Men proclaim those Arts divine..

The Savage rude, with Feathers crown'd,
 With Beads and Baubles deck'd around ;
 Th' unletter'd Clown, or deep-read Sage ;
 From earliest Infancy to Age,
 Howe'er amus'd, howe'er employ'd ;
 Till by the Force of Vice destroy'd,
 Perceives this Instinct of the Soul
 Each Action of his Life controul.

When Reason first begins to dawn,
 See the poor School-boy round the Lawn,
 In Circles regularly true,
 His wanton Play-fellows pursue.

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 See the poor School-boy round the Lawn,
 In Circles regularly true,
 His wanton Play-fellows pursue.

In number'd Steps they leap, or run ;
 And end the Race where they begun.
 Or view them placing on the Ground
 Their Nine-pins square, their Marbles round ;
 In all their trifling Sports you'll see
 Order and Regularity.

In Youth, when virtuously inclin'd,
 This Principle improv'd we find.
 His Manners, Gestures, Person, Dress,
 An Harmony of Soul exprefs :
 With Care each social Duty paid ;
 A constant Plan of Studies laid ;
 And Books in decent Order plac'd ;
 Display the Justness of his Taste.

But those, that swerve from Order's Rule,
 Prove Truants too from Virtue's School.
 Whilst such their Midnight Vigils keep,
 And revel, when they ought to sleep ;
 Their Looks, their Dress from Head to Toe,
 A Dishabille of Conduct show.

Thus,

Thus, on a Sea of Passions tost,
 The Ballast of the Soul is lost;
 Then Vice and Anarchy abound;
 And Reason's Voice in Tumult's drown'd.

In Age, when Life begins to wane,
 This virtuous Habit Strength will gain;
 Each Day, each Hour, its Duty knows;
 And Life mechanically flows.
 He rises, reads, eats, walks, or rides;
 His Clock each stated Motion guides.
 He counts his Steps beneath his Wall;
 Or takes twelve Turns along the Hall:
 He dines at Three, he sups at Nine;
 He takes three Pipes, three Cups of Wine;
 And, in strict Rules supremely blest,
 Goes early, *with the Lamb*, to rest.

The fair Cosmelia, from a Child;
 In curious Heaps her play-things p'ild;
 From four Years old to full fourteen,
 Each Doll and painted Toy was seen.

In *Order* in her Closet set,
And form'd a perfect Cabinet.

Lo! now in Lavender she wraps
Her Aprons, Handkerchiefs, and Caps;
And, Neatness with her Years increasing,
(The Love of Order never ceasing)
Her Regularity of Taste
Preserves Cosmelia prim and chaste;
Disdaining to become a Wife,
She keeps immaculate thro' Life
Her Cloaths—and Virgin Purity;
And dies a Maid at sixty-three.

So strong in Age this Love we find,
That oft' the superficial Mind
Mistakes it for that odious Vice,
By all detested, Avarice.

When on his Sleeve in shining Rows
His Pins the careful Prisco shows;
Or when, to feed his Fowls one sees
Him save the Parings of his Cheese,

Collecting

Collecting scatter'd Crumbs of Bread ;
 Or, when he scolds his Servant Ned,
 For lavishing his Horse's Meat,
 Or leaving Scraps—he cannot eat ;
 You think him sordid——No such Matter ;
 I know the worthy Prisco better.
 What, in the first place, Joy affords,
 When Crumbs for Chicken's Meat he hoards,
 (I judge from what I feel myself)
 Is “ Love of Order,” not of Pelf.
 What in those Trifles gives Offence
 Is *disproportionate* Expence ;
 Things not apply'd to proper Uses :
 Prisco, though gen'rous, not profuse is.

He chid his Maid, the other Day,
 Who threw an half-burnt Match away ;
 Yet to Collections at his Door
 Gave Fifty Pounds—to feed the Poor.

Of Bodies Politic the Soul,
 'Tis Harmony preserves the whole.

C

When

When Discord, Faction, fierce Debate,
 Produce a Chaos in the State ;
 And Order's slighted ;—what are Kings ?
 Peace, Commerce, Justice, droop their Wings ;
 And Laws themselves are useless Things.

In ev'ry Rank, in ev'ry Station,
 Each learn'd or unlearn'd Occupation,
 This Principle is still obey'd ;
 For Method is the Life of Trade.
 From him that vends, beneath some Wall,
 Old Books and Ballads on his Stall,
 To those whose Shops a solemn Shew
 Display, in Pater-noster-row ;
 Or wealthy Merchants, on th' Exchange :
 Lo! all their Wares in Order range ;
 Not merely to augment their Gains ;
 The " Love of Order" thus ordains.

With crimson Tape, so trimly bound,
 The Parchments, pil'd his Desk around,

To

To ornament his Anti-room,
 Where anxious Clients rarely come,
 Magnifico displays to View ;
 For—he has nothing else to do.

Alike for Discipline and Show,
 On the Parade, a gallant Row
 Of Soldiers march, in Rank and File ;
 With martial Symphony the while
 The sprightly Fife the Hautboy joins,
 And Music regulates the Lines.

Observe with what harmonic Grace
 Your Barber traverses your Face ;
 Whose Razor, with true Rhythmic Art,
 In nimble Dactyls * plays its Part ;
 Nor check him in his bold Career,
 At Peril of your Nose or Ear.

Or mark with what immense Parade
 Th' Apothecaries (dreadful Trade † !)

* If. Vossius de vir. Rhythmi.

† Shakespear,

Their Gallipots in mystic Rows,
And Phials, big with Fate! dispose.

Nay, cast your Eyes on Hounslow-heath;
The *legal* Ministers of Death,
Ambitious to make known their Taste,
And decorate the dreary Waste,
The pow'rful Charms of Order show,
And place their Gibbets in a Row.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

THE

T H E
L O V E O F O R D E R.

C A N T O II.

Seeming Objections answered.

NOR think, my Friend, if chance you spy
My Books in strange Disorder lie ;
My Papers scatter'd wildly round,
On Tables, Shelves, or on the Ground ;
My Wig suspended on a Peg ;
My Garter loose about my Leg :
Think not I'm pleas'd with such Confusion ;
This Sight you owe to your Intrusion.
My Study is, I must confess,
The sacred Shrine of Sluttishness.

Conscious

Conscious that such Things are not right,
 I wish to keep them out of Sight :
 Irregularity, as such,
 Like you I hate, and hate as much.
 My Parlour view ; each Table, Chair,
 You'll find adjusted to an Hair ;
 And Pictures, hung in due Array,
 My Love of Order *there* display.

Nay, though my Study thus you find,
 The Emblem of a flutter'd Mind ;
 Yet think it not so mighty strange,
 If, whilst I strive my Thoughts to range
 In Order meet ; or Periods close,
 To harmonize in Verse or Prose ;
 If, from mere Negligence, there springs
 Confusion in less weighty Things ;
 The " Love of Order " still prevails
 Within, though outwardly it fails.
 Tus Saints sometimes *appear* to sin ;
 Though Grace, no doubt, prevails within.

Behold

Behold my Garden ; there you'll see
 My Love of Uniformity.
 In gay Platoons my Tulips blow ;
 My Currants planted in a Row ;
 And ev'ry Gooseberry-bush will prove,
 How much this Symmetry I love.

'Tis true ; my Neighbour at the Swan
 Adopts of late a diff'rent Plan ;
 Impatient to display his Taste,
 Purloins a Garden from the Waste ;
 The Grandeur of his Betters apes,
 And groupes his Shrubs in various Shapes ;
 Opposing Circles to Triangles,
 He Walks in Walks with Art entangles ;
 Affects wild Nature's careless Ease,
 His Customers of Taste to please.

But let me set my Landlord right ;
 Who, sure, mistakes the Matter quite.
 In Miniature, Magnificence
 Must contradict e'en Common-sense.

What

What boots it to perplex our Thought
 With fancy'd Wildness in his Draught ;
 When, spite of Art, one single View
 Must pierce the flimsy Project through ?
 Not Lions, Pelicans, or Cocks,
 Or Crowns, or Dragons, cut in Box,
 So formal would appear to me,
 As such Irregularity.

Though * P—tt, in his Arcadian Views,
 The Beauty's *waving* Line pursues ;
 And, sketching with a Master's Skill,
 Contrasts each Grove and rising Hill ;
 And, from Variety of Charms,
 With one grand *Whole* our Fancy warms ;
 Yet let not us inferior Folks
 Expose ourselves to great Men's Jokes ;
 But *usefully* our Ground dispose,
 And plant our Cabbages in Rows ;

* E. of C—m.

Nor

Nor dream our ell-wide Lawn displays
The Grandeur or the Charms of Hayes.

When Mafon * seems, in ev'ry Line,
My Principle to countermine ;
And, planting more extensive Glades,
Promiscuous blends his sylvan Shades ;
Did we his System truly scan,
He works but on a larger Plan.

Did we but rightly comprehend
To what his various Precepts tend ;
We soon should trace a secret Art,
That regulates each diff'rent Part ;
That corresponding Groups supply
The Want of Uniformity ;
See distant Objects harmonize,
And Order from Disorder rise.

The Painter thus, to gain his End,
His various Tincts with Art must blend ;

* In his Poem on Gardening.

Discordant Objects taught to join,
 Now form, now break, the varying Line ;
 From well-rang'd Lights one Mass compose,
 Till with full Strength the Landskip glows.

As thus, disdainng vulgar Sight,
 This Order seems to shun the Light :
 In mystic Numbers oft' conceal'd,
 (To Wisdom's Eye alone reveal'd)
 It lurks ; and what nor you nor I
 Can see, our wiser Nurse can spy.

The Remedy that hopes Success,
Three Mornings neither more nor less,
 Must be prescrib'd ; else who'll regard
 Thy * Powders, James, or Pills of Ward ?

The Gossip that expects to thrive
 Still breaks her Toast in *Three* or *Five* †.

In Charles's Days the deep Divine
 Delighted in Divisions Nine ;

* Quack Medicines at this Time.

† Vulgar Superstitions.

But,

But, in our Age, has brought (thank Heaven !)
 His Numbers something under seven :
 Nay, oft' those Heads reduc'd to one ;
 A Sermon is an Essay grown.

Yet you, my Friend, forbear to chide,
 My Theme should I again divide ;
 Less perfect Numbers should disdain :
 Nor of their Brevity complain,
 If thus I make my Cantos *Three*,
 From Love of * mystic Harmony.

* Some Mystery in the Number *Three*, according to many antient Philosophers.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

T H E
L O V E O F O R D E R.

C A N T O III.

Occasional Deviations accounted for, from the Prevalence of Fancy,
Appetite, Passion. *Conclusion.*

~~THE CONCLUSION~~

D E E M not my System, Sir, undone,
If Fancy mount on Reason's Throne;
If Folks, not viciously inclin'd,
By Mists of Passion sometimes blind ;
Or, led by Appetite astray,
Fair Virtue's Dictates disobey.
Tho' Things inverted may appear,
And wild Caprice the Vessel steer,

The Object only is mistaken ;
And not the Principle forsaken.

In his Accounts, [1] I own, 'tis plain
Disorder and Confusion reign ;
Whilst poor Sir Charles, in all his Views,
Strict Uniformity pursues.

His Grandfather an House began
On too magnificent a Plan :
The Front complete, and but one Wing ;
Was really such an awkward Thing—
Sir Charles, with Taste and great Expence,
(Tho' sure you'll say with little Sense)
The Scheme to due Perfection brings ;
And, lo ! the Mansion spreads *two* Wings.

Behold his Furniture and Plate,
With Uniformity and State,
Is purchas'd in the highest Taste,
And in exactest Order plac'd.
He buys, a Bargain, one Cartoon ;
Five more just furnish the Saloon ;

[1] Fancy.

A Bust

A Bust of Nero chanc'd to get;
Eleven more complete the Set*.

His Environs are next laid out,
With equal Symmetry, no Doubt.
A Dome is built in yonder Grove;
Contrasted by a grand Alcove;
Pavilions, Statues, Urns, and Grottos,
All deck'd with smart or pithy Mottos,
And interspers'd in just Array,
The Owner's Wit and Taste display.

• Contiguous to his own Estate
A Manour's bought; the Price is great.
What then? It makes the Thing complete.
Money is got at Five per Cent;
Just double to its annual Rent;
The Interest loiters much behind:
But then his Mortgagee is kind;
Lets Interest on Interest roll,
Till—Interest devours the whole.

• Twelve Cæsars.

His

His House and Gardens thus complete,
 And all Things round him vastly neat ;
 Finding his Fortune almost spent ;
 See ! poor Sir Charles, tho' late, repent ;
 But, having neither Child nor Wife,
 Gets an Annuity for Life ;
 And wisely sells both House and Land,
 To rent a Lodging in the 'Strand.
 And now, to narrower Bounds confin'd,
 Things run more suited to his Mind ;
 His Taste to his Estate restraining ;
 (The Love of Order still remaining)
 A single Tent-bed, deck'd with Chintz,
 A Dining-room, adorn'd with Prints
 And Sconces, uniformly plac'd,
 With mimic Grandeur sooth his *Taste*.
 His Barber, Laundress, duly paid,
 A trifling Sum in Store is laid.
 Twixt Walking, Coffee-house, and Play,
 He orderly divides the Day ;

Buys

Buys that Content at small Expence,
He found not in Magnificence.

Voracio [2] proves our Maxim's Force ;
Who, having din'd on the first Course,
Yet, too importunately prest,
Just picks a Turkey's Wing and Breast,
And, after Bumpers six or seven,
Devours the Leg, to *make Things even*.
The Classic Genius reels to Bed,
Somewhat disorder'd in his Head ;
Whilst, with the Love of Order smit,
His Friend prevails on him to fit,
And make Libations of pure Wine
To th' Graces Three or Muses Nine ;
And *regularly* drink about
Merely to see the Bottle out.

Confusion [3] in each Face behold ;
And hear poor Flavia fret and scold.

[2] Appetite.

[3] Passion.

Rage in her flashing Eyes appears;
 And Discord harsh offends our Ears.
 Strangers might think, from Looks so wild,
 She'd lost her Husband, or her Child.
 Ah! no; some careless Slut, alas!
 Has broke a Saucer, or a Glass;
 Which would not vex her, could she get
 Another to *complete the Set*.

Tho' thus, then, Flavia storms and rails;
 The Love of Order still prevails;
 So much on *outward* Things employ'd,
 All Harmony within's destroy'd.
 Our System good ev'n here will hold;
 But, when by Reason uncontroul'd
 The Love of Order may, we see,
 Produce Irregularity.

O! then, with Care, my worthy Friend,
 This ruling Principle attend.
 Whilst yet within your youthful Breast
 Peace, Harmony, and Order, rest;

E

Your

Your Soul no vitious Impulse knows ;
 No Passion ruffles your Repose.
 Midst Dissipation's baneful Force,
 (Of Vice and Infamy the Source)
 The Pledge of Virtue's Empire, strive
 To keep this vestal Flame * alive ;
 Which busy, bustling Scenes no less
 May quench, than † shapeless Idleness.

Let Reason at the Helm preside,
 And ev'ry Thought and Action guide :
 Let her maintain her sov'reign Sway ;
 Passion and Appetite obey :
 Let Fancy gild your Leisure-hours ;
 Adorn, not rule, the mental Pow'rs.

Nor let me damp that gen'rous Fire,
 Which Beauty's various Charms inspire ;
 Which Truth and Symmetry impart
 In *outward* Forms to win the Heart :

* The vestal Fire, a Pledge of the Duration of the Roman Empire. Liv.

† Shakespear.

In Beauty's Scale each Object scan,
 From lifeless Matter up to Man :
 With Statues, Columns, feast your Eyes ;
 But let your Taste superior rise,
 With nobler Raptures taught to trace
 The fairer moral Charms, that grace
 A Soul from lawless Passion free,
 A Life of Regularity.
 Such be your Life ; nor think I preach ;
 These Maxims ancient Sages teach.
 No Frowns severe their Pupils fright ;
 But Virtue, drawn in fairest Light,
 To Truth and Harmony ally'd,
 With smiling Beauty by her Side ;
 True Pleasure sets before our Eyes,
 And to be happy makes us wise.

These obvious Truths then keep in View ;
 Thro' Life these Maxims sage pursue.
 Each Morn plan out the future Day ;
 Each Night your Actions past survey ;

And

And *regularly* "with the Sun,
Your constant Stage of Duty run."

Thus, by the Love of Order led,
Life's thorny Path you'll safely tread ;
Tranquillity your Hours shall bless;
And Virtue lead to Happiness.

Id. Mart. 1773.

T H E E N D.

